

For the Girls and Boys.

Taking Him in Hand.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, M.D.

'Isaac,' said George, 'why don't you take that fellow in hand, he has insulted you almost every day for a week.'

'I mean to take him in hand,' said Isaac. 'I would make him stop if I had to take his ears off.'

'I mean to make him stop,' said George. 'Go and flog him now. I should like to see you do it. You can do it easily enough with one hand.'

'I rather think I could, but I shan't try it to-day.'

This conversation took place between two boys as they were on their way home from school. At this point in the conversation their roads led them in different directions.

The boy alluded to was the son of an intemperate man, who was angry with Isaac's father, in consequence of some effort to prevent his obtaining rum. The drunkard's son took up the cause of his father, and called Isaac hard names every time he saw him pass and as he did not do anything by way of retaliation, he went further, and threw stones at him.

Isaac was at first provoked at the boy's conduct. He thought he ought to be thankful that his father was checked in any measure in procuring rum, the source of so much misery to himself and family. But when he thought of the way in which he had been brought up, his ignorance and wretchedness, he pitied him and ceased to wonder, or to be offended with his conduct. He resolved, indeed, to 'take him in hand,' and to 'stop him,' but not in the sense in which his school-fellow understood those terms.

The boy's name was James, but he was never called anything but Jim. Indeed, if you were to call him by his true name, he would think you meant somebody else.

The first opportunity Isaac had of taking him in hand was on election day. On that day as Isaac was on his way home, he saw a group of boys a little off the road, and heard them shouting and laughing. Curiosity led him to the spot. He found that the group were gathered around Jim and another boy, a great deal larger than he was. This boy was making fun of Jim's clothes, which were indeed very ragged and dirty, and telling how he must act to become as distinguished a man as his father. Jim was very angry but when he attempted to strike his persecutor, he would take hold of Jim's hands, and he was so much stronger that he could easily hold them. Jim then tried kicking, but as he was using one foot in this way, his tormentor would tread on the other one with his heavy foot.

When Isaac came up and saw what was going on he remonstrated with the boys for contumacious conduct, and such was his influence and the force of truth, that most of them agreed that it was 'too bad,' though he was such an 'ugly dog' they said he was hardly worth pitying.

The principal actor, however, did not like Isaac's interference, but he soon saw that Isaac was not afraid of him, and that he was too popular with the other boys to be made the object of abuse. As he turned to go away, he said to Jim, 'I'll keep my eye upon you, and when you go home I'll go with you. It is on my way, and I'll keep off the crows; they shan't hurt you, so don't cry any more.'

'Come, Jim, go home with me; I'm going now,' said Isaac.

Jim did not look up or make any answer. He did not know what to make of Isaac's behavior towards him. It could not be because he was afraid of him, and wished to gain his good will, for he was not afraid of one who was much stronger than he. He had never heard of the rule, 'Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you,' for he had never been to Sabbath-school, and could not read the Bible, for he did not know his letters.

He followed silently and sullenly, pretty near to Isaac, till he reached home, if that sacred name can with propriety be applied to that wretched abode of sin and misery.

He parted from Isaac without thanking him for his good offices in his behalf; Isaac did not wonder at considering the influence under which he had grown up. That he parted with him without abusing him, Isaac considered as something gained.

The next morning, George and Isaac met on their way to school. As they passed the drunkard's dwelling, Jim was at the door, but he did not look up or say anything as they passed. He looked very much as though he had been whipped. George did not know what had taken place the day before.

'What keeps Jim so still?' said he. 'Oh, I have had him in hand.'

'Have you? I'm glad of it. When was it?' 'Yesterday.'

'At election?' 'Yes.'

'Anybody see you do it?' 'Yes, some of the boys.'

'Found it easy enough, didn't you?' 'Yes.'

'Did you give him enough to stop him?' 'I guess so; he is pretty still this morning, you see.'

Upon the strength of this conversation, George circulated a report that Isaac had flogged Jim. This created a good deal of surprise, it was not in keeping with Isaac's character. The report at length reached the ears of the teacher. He enquired about the matter of Isaac, and laughed heartily when he learned in what manner George had been deceived, or rather, had deceived himself. He warmly commended Isaac for his new mode of taking his enemies in hand and advised him to practise it.

A few days afterwards, as Isaac was on his way to school, he met Jim driving some cattle to a distant field. The cattle were very unruly, and Jim made very little headway with them. First one would run back, and then another, till he began to despair of being able to drive them to the pasture. He burst out crying, and said, 'Oh dear, I can't make them go and flog them till I kill them.'

Isaac pitied his distress, and volunteered to assist him. It cost a good deal of running, and kept him from school nearly all the morning. When the cattle were safe in the pasture, Jim said, 'I shan't stone you any more.'

'I don't think you will,' said Isaac smiling. 'When he reached the school house he showed signs of the violent exercise he had been taking. 'What has Isaac been about?' was the whispered question which went round. When put to him, he replied, 'I have been chasing cattle to pasture.' He was understood to mean his father's cattle.

After school, he waited till the pupils had left the school room before he went up to the teacher to give his excuse for being late at school.

'What made you so late?' said the teacher.

'I was taking Jim in hand again, sir,' and he gave him an account of his proceeding, adding at the close, 'I thought you would excuse me, sir.'

'Very well, you are excused,' said the teacher. 'Reader, if you have enemies who annoy you, take them in hand in the same way that Isaac did, and you will be certain, if you persevere, to "stop them."—N. Y. Observer.

Agricultural.

'Who will make the most sugar per acre, and the cleanest and whitest, in 1846? It is time to think about it. Many believe that the present somewhat extraordinary winter, (extraordinary for an abundance of snow and a scarcity of thaws,) indicates an early spring. So be ready with the sap-tubs clean and tight, and the kettles scoured bright.'

MAPLE SUGAR. My manner of making sugar is, to have tubs, and all connected with sugar making, clean and sweet. My next object is, to boil as soon as possible after the sap has run from the trees. In clarifying, I use for fifty pounds of sugar, one pint of skimmed milk, put in the syrup when cold, and put over a moderate fire until it rises, which should occupy 30 or 40 minutes, then skim and boil, until it will grain; after which I turn it into a tub, and after two or three weeks bore a hole in the bottom of the tub, and in a few days the molasses will drain out, and leave the sugar dry, light and white.

ALFRED FITCH. We can bear testimony to the excellence of Mr. Fitch's sugar, having eaten it at his house, with strawberries and cream, and seen it exhibited at the State and Monroe Co. Fairs. The operation is simple and well worth the notice of sugar-makers.—Ed. Genesee Farmer.

All this may be done except the "clean and sweet," and be done in vain: the sugar may be heavy, bitter and black. Perfect cleanliness and care against burning are doubtless the main things necessary for success in sugar-making.

MAPLE SUGAR. The superiority of fine white maple sugar, over the dark chocolate colored article often seen, and the higher price, and reader see it commands in market, render very desirable the knowledge of the cheapest and best mode of manufacture. Some of the best sugar, which has obtained the premiums of the State Agricultural Society, has been made white and pure by redissolving that which was first made, subjecting it to the purifying process, and again evaporating; and in making the very best this process has been repeated, making necessary to evaporate three times, before the sugar has become perfectly white. Some was exhibited at the State Fair at Utica, which by the use of the strictest cleanliness throughout, and evaporations in pans, as white as loaf sugar, with only one repetition of the evaporating process.

One of the heaviest drawbacks on the manufacture of maple sugar generally, is the amount of fuel consumed; and this must of course be greatly augmented, where two and three evaporations have to be employed.—The following method, which may not be generally known, obviates all this difficulty, and the same time affords sugar equal in every respect to the whitest loaf sugar of commerce. An individual, of very moderate means, well known to the writer, made over a hundred pounds of the purest white, in one season.

The tubs for collecting the sap are perfectly clean—and are sealed with lime-water before using. The tub or reservoir in which the unboiled sap is kept is treated in the same manner, and is kept constantly covered to exclude dust; if warm weather comes on during the sugar season, lime, equal in bulk to a hen's egg for a hoghead of sap, is put in this tub. The sap is poured into it through a strainer, and the strictest cleanliness observed in every part of the operation.

When boiled down sufficiently, the syrup stands over night to settle. It is then carefully poured off the sediment, through a strainer of flannel. The sediment is redissolved in water and boiled again. The strained syrup is boiled down till thick enough for crystallizing.

It is then put in tubs, till cold and hard; holes with a gimlet are then bored in the bottom, and when all the molasses is thus drained off, cotton or linen cloths of some thickness are laid on the top of the sugar, and kept wet constantly. They thus keep up a constant and regular supply of water to the sugar beneath, gradually soaking down through the crystallized mass, and dissolving what molasses and other impurities remain, which drain off below, and leaving the sugar perfectly clear and white. Several weeks are usually required for the completion of this process, but the labor is light.—Cultivator.

FOR SALE,

The "Lock Farm."

IN Lyndon, where Doct. Mattock's lately resided, and if not disposed of at private sale it will be offered at Public Auction at Hubbard's Tavern, at Lyndon Corner,

ON TUESDAY, the 10th day of MARCH, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and if not sold at auction will then be let for one year if a fair rent is offered.

Any credit will be given that is desirable with proper security.

JOHN MATTOCKS.

Peascham, 13th Feb. 1846. 447w3

Mill-Owners, Look Here!

TO all who own Saw-Mills or are concerned in them, we would respectfully call your attention to the following:—We the undersigned have purchased the useful improvement of setting logs on Saw-Mill Carriages, invented by Benjamin Webb, of New York. This Patent is considered by those who have used it of the greatest utility of any thing of the kind that has ever been got up. The tail end sets itself and the other is set with a lever in two seconds; the log after it is turned and dogged is all sawed before it is undogged.

We now offer it for single mills, towns or more, in the Counties of Caledonia, Orleans and Essex. Castings may be had at Paddock's Furnace, St. Johnsbury, in about twelve days from this date.

HIRAM HOWARD.

BENONA HOWARD.

Nov. 22, 1845.

We, the subscribers, hereby certify, that we have one of Webb's Patent Improvements for setting logs now in operation in our Saw-Mill in St. Johnsbury—that we consider the same a useful improvement to be used in Saw-Mills—have no hesitancy in recommending it to others—making a saving of at least one quarter of the time in sawing, also saving with more accuracy and less labor.

SOLOMON ANDREWS,

LORENZO BERRY.

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Poetry.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Spare Me yet Awhile.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Withered flower within my garden,
The place thou makest all forlorn
With thy broken limbs out-spreading
With thy leafless boughs out-torn
When from earth my hand would rive thee,
Forth to fling, abandoned, vile;
Closer thou clingest, and closer, pleading,
"Spare me—spare me yet awhile."

Mute, thus, thou dostst reproach me;
"Hast thou memory fled with Summer,
That thou now wouldstst dispossess me,
Fling me from thee with dishonor,
My fragrant bloom that thou hast enjoyed it,
My bloom straight wondering eyes beguile;
Oh! if the past may fail to move thee,
Yet spare me—spare me yet awhile."

"All things lovely in their season,
Bloom not ere the appointed time;
Sleeping within these withered leaflets,
My beauty waits the opening prime,
Spare me—for the Spring in-cometh,
Soon the Sun with sultriest smile,
Woo me, wins me to thy pleasure,
Then spare me—spare me yet awhile."

"Many weeds of human nature,
Ragged, poor, and vile as I am,
Spring again in glorious feature,
If once more you spare them, try them.
Fallen sister, brother broken,
Lost to fortune, lost by guide,
Can't behold them, heartless, tearless,
Nor spare them—spare them yet awhile!"

"Say, with thy secret heart commanding,
Where is the produce of thy Spring?
Where is the ripened fruit thy manhood
Promised still—still failed to bring.
Go—bethink thee of thy duty,
Nor thy fellow-weed revile;
Forgetful of the hand that holds thee,
Yet spare thee—spare thee yet awhile."

"Spare me then—my opening blossoms
Day by day, shall silent woo thee;
Like a sudden burst of sunlight
My fall-blown strength shall seem unto thee;
At early morn and dewy even,
Sweet as breath of spicy ale,
My fragrance grateful shall pursue thee,
Spare me—oh! spare me yet awhile."

"Then—unto thy long-loved lady,
Dedicate my crowning blossom;
May she with delight receive it,
May she hide it in her bosom.
May I, for her sake who spared me,
When with woman's wit, or wile,
She distress thee, gently whisper,
"Spare him—spare him yet awhile."

"For thy lesson, for thy omen,
Gentle monitor I love thee;
Voices from lovely things and common,
Outspoke from Nature's heart can move thee,
Man—the weeds to fling far from thee,
Our soul's garden that defile;
Forth-coming, gentle, calm with thee,
To spare him—spare him yet awhile."

"Yes—to grace my long-loved lady,
Have I culled thy evening blossom,
She with secret joy received it,
She concealed it in her bosom.
When with faltering words I pressed her—
Burning words of love—a smile
Consenting blessed me, as she murmured,
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"Spare me then—my opening blossoms
Day by day, shall silent woo thee;
Like a sudden burst of sunlight
My fall-blown strength shall seem unto thee;
At early morn and dewy even,
Sweet as breath of spicy ale,
My fragrance grateful shall pursue thee,
Spare me—oh! spare me yet awhile."

"Then—unto thy long-loved lady,
Dedicate my crowning blossom;
May she with delight receive it,
May she hide it in her bosom.
May I, for her sake who spared me,
When with woman's wit, or wile,
She distress thee, gently whisper,
"Spare him—spare him yet awhile."

"For thy lesson, for thy omen,
Gentle monitor I love thee;
Voices from lovely things and common,